

BLESSED
BE
HER
GLORIOUS
ASSUMPTION

RESTORATION

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VOL. XIV.

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No. 8.

A Love Letter To Almighty God

By Eddie Doherty

Dear God; Infinite Wisdom; Since it became known that Fr. Paul Bechard and I are going to the Holy Land, many people have asked to be taken along.

"Don't you need someone to carry your luggage?", we are asked. "Don't you need a secretary, a laundress, a nurse, a chauffeur, a good auto mechanic, a man who can speak fluent Pig Latin, someone to keep your shoes shined, someone who can turn the television on for you—if you have television in your room?"

There have been a few who offered, generously, to come along so they could watch over my diet daily, to make sure I ate no forbidden fruits—if you can call margarine and doughnuts forbidden fruit. These I had no difficulty in weeding out of our essential travelling companions.

With Four Angels

For my part I decided to take four of Your angels along: Michael, Rafael, Gabriel, and Uriel. I don't know anything, Lord, about Uriel, except that I once saw his name mentioned as among Your favorites. I saw it at the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. I include him because I don't want to break up a set of four—and besides, what does it cost me?

I wouldn't go without Rafael. Every traveller should take him along as a guardian, if not also as a companion. How wonderful he is they can read in the book of Tobias. Every traveller should also take Michael along, for he's the fighter—and he has an all powerful hatred for the devil. And, of course, every traveller should take Gabriel with him too, since he was, and is, so close to Our Lady. It was Gabriel who said the first Hail Mary—the prayer that began the work of our Redemption.

Uriel — Lord, please send me some word about him so that I may know him better. It would be awkward, travelling with a strange angel; especially one to whom I have never even been introduced. What shall I say to him?

"What are you, Uriel, an ordinary angel, an archangel, one of the cherubim, maybe, or what?"

What are you famous for, or are you famous? What do you do in heaven? I mean do you light the lamps, the stars? Are you in charge of the angelic choir? Do you make angel food cakes? I'm sorry I'm so curious; but then I'm just a dumb tourist, and I don't know anything about angels. Out of my line. Entirely out of my line!"

The Company Grows

Four angels and Father Bechard. That makes five. Not five angels, exactly. But it does make five. And with me, there's six of us riding in one plane. Angels don't take up any room to speak of. That's part of their charm. And they come along free. The air lines are very decent about this. You can bring as many angels as you like; and there's no charge for "excess baggage."

Six and two are eight. I am counting now Blessed Martin de Porres, who goes everywhere I go; and St. Therese, the "Little Flower." We have been keeping steady company, the young Carmelite and I, for more than twenty years. She's a pretty little nun, and just sits in a corner and sort of perfumes the room.

And one is nine. That's Matt Talbot, the Irishman who attained great sanctity by staying sober all his adult life. Matt doesn't drink; but he doesn't care if one opens a bottle in his presence; and he still smiles at Karl Stern's quip about him; "When the average man quits drinking that's that; but when an Irishman quits drinking they try to make a saint of him."

Standing Room Only?

And one makes ten. This is St. John Don Bosco, my Salesian friend—who will probably bring along his own company of saints and candidates for sainthood. But there's never any trouble in the pack of them, not even in the boy, Dominic. They'll be crowded, maybe, but there'll not be a whimper out of them. And maybe I can use them all, the boy especially, getting information for me in Palestine.

And "Slug" and "Gertski" make an even dozen. I hate to disturb them; but I need them, Lord. I think I can coax them to come along with Fr. Paul and me. I can hear Slug saying his favorite words right now — "It's in the bag!"

Slug and Gertski were voluntary sufferers, victim souls, holocausts for me and hundreds and hundreds of other sinners. Slug, Edward Levandowski, lay in bed for thirty years or so with a gangrened leg, always in pain, always telling a funny story or asking someone to tell a funny story. It didn't have to be very funny either. He lived on "corn." Pure Chicago corn.

"Don't drink Canada dry," he said to me when I left Chicago for Combermere. "It's a big country, Eddie. Nobody can drink it dry."

I have written several stories about Slug in "My Hay Aint In", but there are other stories I keep in my mind. Stories of favors Slug obtained for me. Whatever I asked from him I received. He always said, "It's in the bag." It always was.

A Prophet Too

"You are going to have the best job in your life, in Combermere," he told me. "You're going to have the best job there is."

I was out of work at the time. I was out of money. All I had was the house in Combermere, an automobile bought with borrowed money, and a pack of debts.

So I started my own newspaper and I started writing books. I made my own hours. I worked when I felt like it. I took a day off, or a week off, when I wanted to. I travelled wherever I liked, and somehow the money always came for whatever I needed—including car fare. I can roam through the woods today and spend as much time as I wish picking mushrooms, or studying stones, or looking at a frog on a rock, or a butterfly poised on a flower, or a red-winged black bird making love to his red-winged mate.

I am surrounded by young men and women who wait on me as

(Continued on Page Four)



Sit Ye with Mary Stone-Still

"The soul of modern man, deafened by the clatter of steel and instruments, chased along the turnpikes of superficiality and pragmatism, the man of the age of automation, the man of ready-made programs on radio and television; the man of the age of canned thought, canned milk, and canned potatoes; the man who no longer has time to cook for himself, and think for himself, is in grave danger of never coming to himself, as he cannot come to God. More than his forefathers is he in need of the advice of the 'Ancien Rive': 'Sit ye with Mary, stone-still at God's feet, and listen to Him alone.'"

Fr. van Noenen, O.P.

GOD IS LOVE

By Jose de Vinck

There was once a great Roman orator with a single-track mind. He spoke often and powerfully of many things, but whatever his subject, his concluding words were always the same: "and furthermore, I feel that we should smash Carthage!"

This came, time and again, in season and out of season, so much so that the Romans, as sensitive to a strongly worded "commercial" as the modern American, went out and did smash Carthage! Which seems to have very little to do with the Love of God, but let us be patient: there may, after all, be a point to the story.

When we read books and articles on Theology, we often have the feeling of being smothered in details. It is all so complicated, so involved, so obscure: so painfully crisscrossed with definitions and distinctions with divisions and subdivisions. The mind feels it is groping in a maze, and is greatly disappointed, for it went out to find God, and finds but the imperfect subtleties of the human mind.

Theology is a good thing, and all theologians should not be condemned to a hell—or at least a purgatory—of torturing terms and concepts that always fall short of what they try to attain. Let us be charitable: theologians even have a right to heaven, but their chances would be greatly improved if they fed to their readers the Bread instead of the crumbs, the Truth instead of the sub-distinctions.

But if, in their incorrigible urge toward complication, they cannot be content with writing a book that would repeat a million times over "GOD IS LOVE, AND THAT IS THAT," if, I mean, they feel the irresistible compulsion to write five hundred pages when ten would do a better job, let them at least conclude every paragraph as did Thomas Aquinas at the end of his monumental work: "All this is but straw," and add again and again: "FOR GOD IS LOVE."

With Love to Madonna House

Now let me sing a song to the quiet river,
Healer of souls all spoilt with restlessness,
Filler of eye and ear and understanding:
More than the gift of man, the gift of peace.

Hour after gentle hour I have gazed on water,
Hearing the silence I have needed most;
Now glory be to God for sun and river,
To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The pine trees and the slanting silver beauty
Of Birch trees scattered in that wall of green,
That silence that can hear (at last) the singing
Of birds at home, full-living and unseen.

Now glory be to God for every rain-drop
Ten million ripples on this lake of glass,
The grey sweet taste of fog upon the river—

The hills beyond, the sky—that will not pass.
Many a prayer I've said—and at your Altar
Promised new hope and hungered for new grace;
Much have I drunk of love and healing wisdom,
Much I am debtor to this holy place.

Yet I will sing at last to the quiet river
(O leaning, yearning mother, understand!)
Where I have gone to sleep alone and frightened
And wakened in the hollow of God's Hand.

Dot Hoogterp, 1961

RIGHT PRICE

This is the life, and the goal, of a Madonna House Staff Worker, in the opinion of one of our good friends, Jack Clarke of Windsor, Ont.—who should know.

A willing horse, my back is sore. I do one job, I get ten more. I try to stop, but on I go. To authority I can't say "No." I don't complain. I know the toll. The price is right to save my soul. And when this toll of mine is done I shall see Mary and her Son! My aching back, my tired feet, Will purchase, cheap, a heavenly seat.

Then joy and peace and love and rest
Beyond description—Am I blest! Imagine that? I can't, my dears, For umpteen thousand billion years!

COMBERMERE DIARY

On the faculty for the Single Summer School of Madonna House this year were: Reverend James Duffy of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Reverend Hugh Tasch, O.S.B., Conception Abbey, Conception, Missouri; Reverend Philip Hoelle S. M. of the University of Dayton, in Ohio; and Father L. J. Hiegel S.J. of Loyola University, New Orleans, Louisiana.

At the Cana Colony were Reverend Bennett Canary, O. Carm. of Joliet, Illinois; Father Martin Zwick of St. Mary's Rectory in Warren, Ohio; Reverend Hilary Jones of Timmins, Ontario; Father Peter Nearing of the Canadian Catholic Conference of Ottawa, Ontario; and Father Joseph Raya of Birmingham, Alabama.

Vacationing at Madonna House from the different foundations were: Caryl Wilson of Edmonton, Mary Beth Mitchell of Edmonton, Marilyn Williamson of Texas, Sean O'Callahan of Yukon.

Staff Worker, Charlie Webb has been appointed from St. Benedict's Acres to Marian Center, Edmonton.

Seminarion Bob Pelton and Josephine Halfman were in charge of the program at the Cana Colony this summer.

On summer courses this year were Mary Jean Beaudoin, who took two weeks of weaving; Clementine Larcher, who took one week of silk screening; JoAnne DeGidio, who took a week's course in mosaics; and Linda Lambeth, who took a week's course in weaving. These courses were given at the Ontario College of Arts in Toronto. Doreen Anne Chapman went for a course in liturgical music, Lebec, Saskatchewan; and Irene Chauvin took a course in the teaching of home nursing from the Red Cross. Theresa Davis of the Texas Foundation spent a month in Mexico City, taking a course in Spanish. Father Biere took a course in Sacred Scriptures in Chicago, Illinois.

A group of six Staff Workers made a pilgrimage to Mexico City starting from Winslow, Arizona and also had an opportunity of visiting Shirley DeWitt, who is stationed at Cuernavaca, Mexico. The Canadian National passenger train that ran from Barry's Bay to Ottawa has been discontinued.

Our area finally has the services of a graduate veterinarian, Dr. Kolski, who is stationed in Barry's Bay.

Our summer was busy and fruitful. We hope your summer was fruitful and restful.

OUR LADY OF CARMEL

OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL HAS DONE IT AGAIN! This time she came to Latchford Bridge, the Church of St. Francis de Sales, a mission church of our pastor, Father Michael Hass, in Combermere. On July seventh, nineteen new novices were received into her Third Order of Carmel. Father asked the Madonna House group of Carmelite Tertiaries to conduct some meetings with the parishioners. And so Our Lady worked. The meetings were held once a month all through the winter with many people coming miles to them. None of us knew exactly what Mary wanted when she brought a visiting Carmelite priest to the July meeting. However, she soon made her wishes clear, and through her Carmelite son, Father Bennet, she invited these lovers of hers to join the family in an extra special way. She spread her scapular mantel over them in a simple beautiful ceremony which followed the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, on this First Friday of July. Indeed she works in marvelous ways.

Journey Inward

By Catherine Doherty

When I was young, my mother and I would take many walks together in the deep Russian woods, looking for mushrooms in season, or roots to make dyes with to dye the wool that would be carded and spun in the fall. Or we just took a walk in the quiet summer afternoons or evenings.

Often when we came to a clearing, we would rest in a companionable silence at first, then mother would begin to talk, musing a little as if she were half talking to herself. I learned many things from those little talks in the quiet woods, or on a sunny clearing, in holy Russia.

One especially stands out in my mind. Mother spoke of sin and of Our Lady. She spoke of her sorrows. She said Christ suffered still in His Mystical Body, and Our Lady suffered with Him, for she was there.

I've been thinkin much about my mother's words lately and as usual, my meditations end in a poem and here it is:

My heart is sad
Today . . .
Why
Is it the
Sadness
Of Yesterday?
So sharp
So full
Of fears?

Or is it
Yours,
Maria Mia,
Mater Dei,
Mater Mei?
Are you sad
Today
On your Saturday?
Carissima,
Bellissima?
You are
Then let me
Bend
And lift
Your sadness
On my back.
It is,
You know,
Quite strong
And straight . . .
Or take my heart
And fill
It to the brim
With Your
Strange
Heavy sadness . . .

I know my heart
Is small,
But at your Word
Your Son
Will widen it
To take it in . . .
Or may I slowly
Drink your tears
And dry your
Eyes, so wet
With them,
Maria Mia,
Mater Dei,
Mater Mei?

Bless Me God

Heavenly God, Who dwells
on high,
Keep my taste from going
wry.

Heavenly God, Who dwells
on high,
Forbid me smell the fumes
of hell.

Bless my hands and bless my
feet,
May they always serve Thee
well.

Bless my ears and bless my
eyes,
May they ever for Thee sigh.

Bless my heart and bless my
soul,
May they always in Thee
dwell.

Heavenly God, Who loves me
so,
Save me from the gates of
hell.

By Mary Jane Halak

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

There are fears . . . and fears. Some are dangerous to our minds, and our well being. Some should be there, for the emotion of fear has been placed by God into man's soul to save him from pitfalls and dangers to body, soul, and mind.

It is time that some of those wholesome, good fears took hold of our souls and showed them the dangers that really surround us.

And the dangers that really surround us are not outside, though nobody could deny that many fearsome dangers do surround us. The dangers we should fear are our attitudes to fear itself, and to those outside dangers.

We worry during the day. We worry during the night—ceaselessly . . . about Communists . . . about tensions across the whole world . . . about mounting hostilities toward us from so many sources and peoples. We are bewildered by all this . . . bewildered and frightened beyond our ability to control our fear.

What are we doing about it? We continue, strange as this may seem, to live on, and to walk over, roads that have become so obsolete they lead us nowhere—except deeper into the heart of deeper fears.

We refuse to face the obvious fact that there is very little time left for us . . . that we should be, even now, changing the pattern of our own thinking . . . changing ourselves! For before we can change the images that we create in the minds of people, we must change ourselves to give that new image.

We fear the foothold of Communism in Cuba, but we do not want to take time to examine the true factors that led the people of Cuba to embrace Castro and his evil works. We continue to exploit the Braceros from across the border. We continue to hire our own American citizens, the migrant labor workers, for wages that should make us blush—and which go a long way to create a fertile soil for the doctrines of Communism.

We look with dismay at the new giants of Asia and Africa. We realize, slowly, that we are beginning to be in the minority. We fear the infiltration of Communism into those immense continents, those millions of people.

But ambassadors of those lands, who come to the U.S.A. with open minds, find "THERE IS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN OUR DEMOCRATIC INNS". They are sometimes compelled to take residence in the segregated, slummy sections of the capital of the greatest democracy in the world!

Segregation, discrimination, the breaking of Federal Laws, the face of hatred on TV, and the voice of hatred over the radio, keep speaking in our land. Yet we wonder why it is that Asia and Africa get angrier and angrier at us; and why our image gets more and more distorted in their minds, bringing new fears, dark and evil into our own hearts.

Evil fears will beset us so long as that voice, hidden in our souls, keeps bidding us to clean our houses before we attempt to clean anybody else's house . . . to take the beams out of our eyes . . . before we worry about the motes in others.

We should cultivate fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. It would bring to us the wholesome fear of offending Him on a national or international scale. And once those fears, those good holy fears, become our companions on our pilgrimage to eternal life, we shall see with the clear eyes of truth what it is that we have to change in ourselves. We must bring peace to our souls first, and to that of others next.

Let us pray to Our Lady of the Assumption to send us the gift of true fear.



LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR

By Jim Guinan

Stella Maris House, Portland, Ore.—Some weeks ago the Catholic Interracial Council of Portland sponsored a lecture at Stella Maris House by Matt Ahmann, the Executive Secretary of the National Council on Interracial Justice; a body which represents the numerous Catholic Interracial Councils scattered throughout the United States. Matt is a very amiable young man, and one of the best informed persons regarding the racial picture here in America we have ever had the opportunity of hearing.

Matt strongly emphasized that the proper motivation for people working for interracial justice is "love of neighbor". He said that each Catholic must be a witness to Christ in interracial justice, and that racial discrimination is sinful, denying the basic Christian doctrine of the unity of mankind. He indicated that work for interracial justice was a work for freedom and true democracy, and that in his opinion a resolution of the race problem in America was basic to our survival.

Problems By-Passed

The primary effort of Catholics working for interracial justice, up to 1958, Matt said, had been to implant in the minds of Catholics the Christian doctrine on race. In this they had been very successful. Their efforts culminated in the 1958 statement of the Bishops of the United States on the immorality of racial discrimination. However, he said, during this period there was no major Catholic program work in the large problem areas. Typical programs during this period included speakers and panels on race, and inter-housing and employment problems were not really faced in the racial demonstrations, but the Church.

Up to 1954, Matt pointed out, the great symbols of desegregation in the South were Catholic symbols—strong statements of bishops, and the integration of Catholic schools and Catholic churches in southern areas. From the Supreme Court decision in 1954, until 1958, however, the Catholic symbols stopped, and were replaced by Protestant and Negro symbols. Matt feels that although it was unfortunate that the Catholic symbols stopped, it was certainly good that the Protestant symbols began, since the South is largely Protestant.

Housing is the number one racial problem in the North, according to Matt, and may prove more serious than integration in the South. He feels there has been greatly increased activity by the Church in the North. He gave as examples Catholic sponsored programs in New York and Chicago related to education on urban renewal, housing, etc. However, he indicated that despite immense progress since 1958, there is still not much real leadership, and that the tendency is for the Church to let the state and the city take the initiative in solving these problems.

He said that the danger here is that the states and cities will work toward a solution of the racial problems on the basis of accommodation in response to outside pressures—economic, foreign policy, etc.—instead of in response to a Christian conscience. Matt emphasized that we will be left with a legacy of racism unless the solution springs from a moral basis and the problem of conscience is met.

Scandals Must Come . .

A Catholic Interracial Council's first job, Matt indicated, is to work on the scandals of racial injustice that exist in almost every city within the Catholic body. He said that there are only two dioceses in the country in which there is a real educational program on race, and that we can hardly say we are really facing our nation's number one moral problem if there is no real educational program on race within a diocese. Catholic Interracial Councils, he said, should assist a diocese in planning such a program.

The second large task of the Catholic Interracial Council, Matt said, is to contribute to the solution of the civic racial problems. Since the Church is strongest in the cities, and it is in the cities that the race and housing problems are greatest, the Catholic responsibility in this area is heavy. Matt outlined four necessary lines of attack on the race and housing problem:

1. Fringe areas of changing neighborhoods. These are often predominantly Catholic. We know how to stabilize integrated neighborhoods. We must put this knowledge into action.

2. The problem of the all-white suburb. Catholic communities are

becoming strong in suburban sections. We must assist the Negro in breaking out of the ghetto into a previously all-white area. The Church can protect the Negro moving in.

3. The problem of the housing industry itself. We must find ways to make real estate men, mortgage brokers, building contractors, etc., act justly. Perhaps a public examination of conscience for Catholics in these fields?

4. The problem of the ghetto. Ghettos are going to exist for a much longer period no matter what we do—even if keys to solve the problem are found. In the meantime there should be a total program by the Church in our local parishes—Catholic Charity Branch offices, Social Service counseling, employment programs, recreational activities, housing, etc.

Including Marriage

Before closing his talk, Matt covered briefly the fields of employment, medical care, and exchange students. He restated our moral obligation to be a witness to Christ in interracial justice, and emphasized that race must not be a bar to any social equality, including the Sacrament of Marriage.

In thinking of Matt Ahmann, the normal feeling of one concerned with interracial justice is that of gratitude. We are glad that this professional young man is so apostolic, and that this apostolic young man is so professional; and especially that this very apostolic and professional young man is holding the key position he does for stimulating Catholic efforts for interracial justice.

Matt speaks with authority—an authority that springs from the firmness of his convictions and his knowledge of the facts.

True Hospitality

By M. Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—In every foundation in our apostolate you will find, in some very conspicuous place on a wall, two framed and maybe illustrated mottoes from the Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

"Let ALL Guests Be Received as Christ" and: "CARE MUST BE TAKEN OF THE SICK, THAT THEY BE SERVED IN VERY TRUTH AS CHRIST IS SERVED."

At Maryhouse these are a constant reminder of our mandate for these Corporal Works of Mercy are our daily work.

Homes Away From Home

Just recently I returned to the Yukon after a six weeks' assignment in the West Indies. During that time I didn't see the Holy Rule of St. Benedict displayed on any wall, but I saw it lived beautifully. In our apostolate as in religious orders or any business in the world it is necessary to do much travelling. Through Madonna House and the other foundations we meet many people who know that we have little money for hotel bills and restaurant meals. In very many of these friendships we are given a standing invitation to drop in and spend a night, or a week, if we should be passing through a particular town or city. How pleasant it is to be part of someone's family when you are away from home instead of staying in a lonely hotel room and eating alone in a restaurant!

Trudi, Marite, Elsie and I were received as Christ at every stop-over on our way to Carriacou Island. It began on April 30, when we spent the night in Ottawa, Trudi with her sisters, Marite with a friend, and I with Ida and Bob Tuke, staunch Yukon friends. Instead of our taking the limousine to the Air Port next morning, our good friends took us. We had an hour's wait in Toronto, so Trudi called the Cushings to say hello and good-bye.

That night we arrived in Barbados where the Ursuline Sisters were awaiting us, even though it was past their bed-time. In the Tropics people are always conscious of the fact that you are thirsty, so the Sisters had a tray of cold drinks ready for us. Refreshed, we were taken to our immaculate rooms. There was everything there for our convenience from tooth paste to aerogram forms.

Meals For Christ

Next morning, though Sister had her community prayers to say, she went to the three different parts of their big boarding school to waken us for mass and take us to the chapel. I'm sure Christ would have loved the meals we were served and the beautiful way Sr. Zita served them. Though the Sisters were very busy, there was time for pleasant conversation and for showing us around. The hour of departure came all too soon and Mother Superior had

the convent chauffeur drive us to the Air Port . . . and her last instructions were that I should stay with the Sisters on my way back to Canada for I had a two-day wait in Barbados!

A few hours later as our aircraft was landing at Grenada Air Port we caught sight of a white figure below, and knew it was His Lordship, Bishop Field. Yes, in spite of all his duties as a busy bishop, he took time to drive across the island to meet and welcome us. For the duration of our four-day stay in Grenada, His Lordship couldn't have been kinder, more patient, and thoughtful. None of us will ever forget the happy hours during which we chatted with him.

A Gem Indeed

We met Elsie in Grenada. She had sailed from England and arrived a day before us. The four of us were guests of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny. Once more we were recipients of the warmest hospitality. We had many questions to ask busy and experienced Mother Vincent, for we needed her advice. She took time to come down town and introduce us to the managers of the stores, where we would purchase all we needed for our new home in Carriacou. She was a gem indeed.

So was our little Irish Sister Annunciata who served the delicious food Sr. Pauline prepared. I'm sure Christ was listening as Sister told us funny incidents that happened in her classroom during the day, or her experiences when she took the Girl Guides on a week-end cook-out, or some of the funny things that she remembered from her first years in the West Indies Missions.

Nothing inconvenienced Sister whether it was our borrowing her coal pot, storing a piece of meat in the frig. in her domestic science room, or getting instructions in how to cook certain foods. She always smiled and helped us. The staff workers at Carriacou are glad they are near Mother Vincent and her Spiritual daughters.

Friends Meet Us

When our schooner, The Faithful Star, anchored at Hillsborough, on May 6, there were many on the jetty to welcome us. From the distance, we had seen Fr. Francis Corr in his Dominican habit. Many of his parishioners also came to greet us. They helped unload our furniture and luggage, and they set some of it up in our house. Mrs. Mends, whom we met next day, had sent over our supper. We appreciated her kindness, for we had nothing, at that point, to cook on; and our coal pot was not yet unpacked. Once we began to get around a bit and meet the people we found the same warmth every place.

On my way back to Canada I stayed with the Sisters in Grenada and Barbados while I waited for flights and as I had a little assignment in Montreal I flew there from Barbados. This time I was the guest of the Sisters of Holy Cross. Their hospitality left nothing to be desired. When I apologized to Mother Maureen for taking so much of her time, she said, "Our guests are Christ to us, and right now He wants me to spend my time with you."

Fr. Langlois gave me much of his time too, although he was very busy. His words were, "If we really want to do something we can find the time for it."

My whole trip was like a wonderful lesson in charity . . . the real love of Christ lived so well daily I hope in future "Let All Guests be Received as Christ" will be lived more fully in my life

LOOKS AT BOOKS

The Story of Salvation, by Sr. Jane M. Murray O.P. and Eugene S. Geissler, 167 pages, \$4.95, Fides Publishers, Notre Dame, Indiana. Reviewed by W. Ryan. Is one picture worth 10,000 words? If so, this book contains a lot of reading matter. It is a collection of visual art ranging from a 450 B.C. Grecian vase to the 20th century paintings of Marc Chagall and Clarence Giese. Not to mention Rembrandt, Michaelangelo, Fra Angelico, El Greco, French cathedrals, and 12th century mosaics. The text, interspersed with the pictures, consists only of some 150 sentences outlining the story of man's salvation. In brief, reserved, terse style, the text moves from the promise of redemption to its fulfillment, and reveals the essentials of God's plan. Its terseness (and lack of introduction or conclusion) make the reader lean heavily on the photographs to understand deeply the substance of the subject.

For the person who desires to learn more of "the new way of life, the new kingdom of unselfishness, detachment, love", this book will give him new eyes through which to view it—the eyes of the artisan. For the teacher who wishes to acquaint his students with the value of art, it will be an admirable vehicle to use. For the person who does not have "visual awareness", there will be misgivings over the waste of good paper and the complete lack of color prints. However, for the person who does have that awareness, it will contain a wealth of sense impressions to be experienced. This book must be "seen" to be appreciated.

Decent Reading

The Holy Childhood Association wishes to establish a kind of Canadian Peace Corps for an attack upon the distribution of indecent publications that are available to youth, especially in our drug stores, bookstores, and Super Markets. These publications are a menace to our Christian Way of Life. It is the desire of the National Office of the Association to help Catholic parents protect their children, so they may have a childhood based upon the childhood of Jesus, the Way, the Truth, and the Life. THE NATIONAL OFFICE FOR DECENT LITERATURE, 33 East Congress Parkway, Chicago 5, Illinois, is a Catholic Organization. It offers its facilities to those who request its services. It is concerned solely with publications, that are easily available to youth at a nominal cost.

Any responsible group which decides to use its list in a campaign, has its permission to do so. However, the list is merely an expression of a publication's non-conformity with the NODL Code, and is not to be used for purposes of boycott or coercion.



I CLARIFY..

By
Catherine De Hueck Doherty

Often people ask why am I so uninhibited. Why don't I seem to be afraid of what neighbors will say? Why am I so strongly "individualistic?"

I find it difficult to answer these questions because they never occurred to me. Perhaps, again, we are face-to-face with an Eastern mentality and a Western one. The Eastern is simpler in many ways, though it might appear complex in others. It goes often in great simplicity to the very heart of the matter. To understand this in our age and time is very important. It truly will make the difference between peace and war. For we must communicate with one another... we of the East with those of the West... or perish.

Science and Confusion

Never has man had such powerful means of communication as we have today. And never, it seems, have men been less able to communicate with one another. That is truly a tragedy. One that shows again that science does not hold the answer to everything.

Perhaps I better illustrate. There are, of course, the classical examples of Fr. Ohms, in which he tells several stories. Two will suffice, perhaps to illustrate what I mean. A Japanese gentleman once asked a missionary priest why he was a celibate. The priest gave the usual answers, quoting St. Paul, explaining that wife and children divide a heart and interests. Many other valid and good arguments did the priest give the Japanese man. The latter thanked him politely, as Japanese do, and added: "Strange. I thought you were a celibate because you were in love with God!"

In India, Fr. Ohms tells us another missionary was talking to a Hindu interested in the Faith, giving him brilliantly all the intellectual reasons and proofs for the existence of God. The Hindu listened for a long time in silence, then said, "Holy man of God, you have fed my mind... but my heart is still hungry."

Both Japanese and Hindu, Easterners, viewed the approach to God from the heart, not from the mind. Russians are like that too. So is the Orthodox Church. That does not mean that either of these do not have the intellectual approach and are not interested in theology, philosophy, and other allied sciences that are one way of knowing God.

East is East

But it means they know that there are other ways "of knowing" God, and one is by folding the wings of the intellect, and allowing heart and soul to soar toward Him in prayer, especially in the prayer of contemplation, of the deep silence of simplicity.

It is this ability to be silent inwardly in the midst of the noise of our modern life that perhaps is another characteristic of what the West likes to call the East.

That is why the Orders of Religious most fitted to enter Russia, if and when such entry will be possible, would be the Benedictines, the Trappists and Trappistines. They would not need to know Russia. I doubt if they will need to know Hindu or Japanese, for they will begin, continue, and complete their dialogue through "silence" and their way of life—that speaks so loudly to the Eastern mind.

Perhaps it is because I have a little of this approach to life and love and God, that I view life in a more simple and direct manner. What my Western friends take for indifference to what the neighbors think — what they set down to a type of "individualism" — is just being myself, and living, or trying to, by the Gospels. For the Scriptures have always been the great teachers of the Eastern Christian Churches.

Living by the Gospels, never interpreting them oneself, always humbly submitting, in holy obedience, one's mind and soul to a spiritual director, and then joyously and freely implementing the Gospels into daily life, that seems to me the most natural thing to do, neighbors or no neighbors, Joneses or no Joneses.

I would not call it being individualistic. Since when can I call my finger individualistic? It is the member of my body. I am a member of Christ's Body.

In that sense we can never be individualistic, just performing that which is allotted to us by God to perform, the way he wishes us to perform it.

But I guess, trying to live literally by the Gospels, in utter simplicity, in this modern age, in this Western world, must be quite startling!

Peace Reigns in These Hills

By Mary Ann Gilmore

"The hills are alive with the sound of music" . . . these words from the Broadway musical have been running constantly through my mind for the past month. If ever the music applied, it would be to this lovely valley of Combermere. Every blade of grass is at its greenest right now. The trees are fully clothed again after the long winter of nakedness, and the bush is one mass of green, green green!

The Madawaska river which flows through our green valley is deep blue, gray, or green, depending on the mood of the sky, which changes at a whim of Mother Nature. The countryside is covered with white and yellow daisies plus vivid, orange devil's paintbrush.

Some days, like today, the skies are gray and low and the rains fall on the river marring its mirror-like surface with a million indentations. Sitting inside, in our cozy rural apostolate kitchen, hearing it fall gently on the big picture window, and seeing the ground soak up the much needed moisture, one feels a deep feeling of security and a certain melancholy mingled with joy. The rain, like God's grace, is falling on many souls and soils.



Wet-Tongue Wash

Because of the absence of the foxes this year, the bush is overrun with small animals; rabbits, chipmunks, squirrels, moles, porcupines, raccoons, ground hogs, and, of course, our friends, the skunks. We have been trying to make friends with a family of chipmunks who have moved into our house. Evidently the parent chipmunks saw us passing in and out of the door, and decided this is where they would like to settle. They have made a home directly under our side door. They camp on the top step, basking in the sunshine and waiting for some kind staff worker to slip them some peanuts.

We even saw a baby doe the other day. Men spraying weeds on the highway came across the baby in the bushes and gave it to a nearby farmer. The mother deserted it when it was sprayed. At three weeks it is like a playful puppy, a little wobbly on its legs and looking for attention from all admirers, licking your hand and jumping up to wash your face with its long wet tongue. In the early spring there was much talk of bear, seen by many of the local farmers. Bears are hungry after the long winter, and so venture out looking for food quite close to farms.

Peace in These Parts

The four of us who are working in this countryside feel quite blessed in living so closely with God's beauties of nature. We are often, in this good weather, out most of the day. Country roads are at their best, and there are many homes and families we can visit so much easier than in the winter when the snow is deep on the ground.

Irene Chauvin and I started out the other day early in the morning to visit with some of the families we do not get to often. We wandered in and out of country roads in our sturdy, newly blessed truck, St. Paul. (Father Cal, on the feast of St. Paul put the blessing of the church upon it.) We travelled through many small settlements and villages. Except for the houses at which we stopped, we did not see many people. Most of the men were working in the fields. The women may have been picking berries or busy with the numberless jobs about the house or farm. This is one of the busiest times for the farmer. The hay is just about ready for cutting; and there is much weeding and working of the land.

Yet, even with the many chores to be done during the long summer days, there is a deep peace and tranquility that lies over the fields and villages. In the midst of God's masterpieces reflected in the rivers and lakes, there is an overflowing gratitude for these bountiful gifts so freely given to us.

I LIVE ON AN ISLAND

By Catherine Doherty

For the first time in my life, last month, I watched the death of a bridge. A bridge that was 25 years old this year. A simple bridge. A narrow, wooden bridge that spanned the wide ribbon of water that divided my island from the mainland. It had acquired that beautiful silver-gray sheen that wood long exposed to sun, rain, and snow acquires in the north.

If it could speak, it would have told many tales of joy and sorrow; for I have walked over it so much, bent on so many errands! There was the night I returned from a sick bed, in fact the death bed of a neighbor whom I had nursed. My heart was filled with sorrow at the parting, and I was praying for the repose of his soul as I crossed my bridge. That was the time when Eddie, my husband, was so sick. I had relinquished my log cabin to him, for it was quiet, and away from the hustle and bustle of Madonna House.

Bridge of Sighs

One of our priests met me at the end of my bridge, telling me to hurry, for Eddie had received the last Sacraments! He had had a heart seizure! I ran. It knew my fears and sorrows that night.

But it also knew my joy a few days later when Eddie got well, and when, together, we crossed it, back to the mainland.

My bridge knew the tread of bishops from distant mission lands, and that of saintly visiting priests. It knew the slow steps of tired souls who came to rest at Madonna House. It knew the eager steps of youths, who came to join the apostolate and give their lives gallantly to God. Yes, my bridge could tell many stories, sad and funny, heroic and humble. But now it was no more. It had died as all things must. I watched the dismantling of it with tears in my eyes, and took some pictures to remember it.

For about a week, I had no bridge. A new one was being built. A nice, sturdy span it turned out to be . . . wider than the old one, more solidly built. But as yet it and I are just getting acquainted.

For the week that I had no bridge, I used a boat. I felt very isolated at night. The stream that divides my island from the mainland is not very big. Nor is the trip in the boat very long. But somehow I felt cut off . . . alone. Some line of communication between me and the rest had grown very thin, and I understood many things I hadn't understood before.

I understood the words of God better . . . "It is not good for man to be alone." I realized how fear can be born in the hearts of men when they live APART FROM OTHER MEN . . . how everything that isn't like them can appear dangerous, evil, and definitely inferior to them.

The mystery of racism became clearer. Many other things did too.

Bridge of Size

The death of my bridge taught me much about life and I am thankful. It taught me the difference between COLLECTIVISM and COMMUNITY. The collective is nothing less than a caricature, the perversion of community into mere organization, degrading it to the level of mere "association".

Genuine community is not constituted by mere pursuits of common objectives, nor is it achieved solely by organization. Community is something presupposed and given, with its roots deep in the very nature of man. Only in community can man attain to the full measure of individuality and personality.

I had read about this idea in a wonderful book by Fr. Bernard Haring—THE LAW OF CHRIST, on moral theology for priests and the laity. But the fullness of the depth of his thoughts hit me only at the death of my bridge.

It was good for me to be without the bridge for a week! Good to have to travel by boat to and fro from my island to the mainland. I learned much. I learned in depth THAT NO MAN CAN BE AN ISLAND AND CALL HIMSELF A MAN . . . OR A PERSON.

I am glad I have a new bridge. It isn't as graceful as my old one, but it will serve me and others for many years to come, bridging much more than a span of water. My requiem for my dead bridge is a big THANK YOU. My welcome for the new bridge is a simple "Please".

Please, New Bridge, start teaching me about God and the things of God where my dead bridge left off!

We Polish Stones God Polishes Us

By Rev. Paul Bechard

Stone fascinates me. Is it its hardness, its color, its shape or the minerals it contains? Is it its long enduring life? I don't know, but all stones speak to me of God the Creator.

One lonely stone on the road from Portland to the Pacific Seaside in Oregon made me stop, at an historical marker, pointing to a big rock on a neighboring mountain: "This stone is out of its environment . . . the only one of its kind in the surroundings . . . most probably perched there pushed by icebergs in the ice-age . . ."

Grand Canyon of the world famous Colorado River reminds men of the creation of the earth. Imbedded in stone is the trademark of living cells at the different ages of the formation of the earth.

Carlsbad Caverns in New-Mexico, 800 feet underground, reveals nature still at work creating stalagmites and stalactites. One hundred years may build the thickness of a lead-pencil mark . . .

In the Yukon, specially at Champagne, "carbon 14" tells of human beings making fire there some 7,000 years before Christ . . . Petrified forests in Arizona where Nature has transformed wood into stone . . .

The famous Red Plume Quartz of the Humphries Ranch, south of Alpine Texas . . .

Agates of Texas, in which Nature hides a beautiful variation of layer formation under a coat of ugly, unpolished, dirty crust formation. It takes an expert eye to detect an agate . . . a skillful hand to slice it into slabs revealing all its beauty . . . and elbow-grease to give it its lustrous finish . . .

And men work with stones. I have seen a stone-mason in Portland, Oregon build fine homes, beautiful public building facades . . . and in his leisure time, on week-ends, beautify a poor widow's hut across the street with a flower-planter . . . or warm the living room of a friend with a fireplace . . .

Quarter inch slabs of the famous Red Plume Quartz come to life decorating a lamp-shade . . . Gems made of "picked-up" pebbles in some Ontario lake shore . . .

God works with stones . . . Simon, whom He surnamed "Peter" or "Rock, upon whom He built His Church . . ."

Christ, the Rejected, becoming the cornerstone . . .

The Altar stone, containing the relics of martyrs, upon which Christ is offered to the Father.

The promise of Yahweh to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob: "I will bless thee and I will multiply thy seed as the sand by the seashore . . ."

The devil tempted Christ with stones: "If thou art the Son of God, change these stones into loaves of bread . . ."

And now, so that other hungry souls may be fed the Bread of Life, in far distant Pakistan, the Madonna House Apostolate turns stone into semi-precious gems as a means of raising funds to get lay-apostles there . . .



On July 3, 6 pounds of small stones were thrown in a tumbler. They were covered with water and 6 ounces of No. 80 grits. Two teaspoonfuls of baking soda, (to absorb any gas leading to explosion) were added, and the revolutions started . . . churning stones upon stones . . . and grit . . . for 200 hours. Then they were washed clean, replaced in the tumbler with No. 400 grit and water for another 200 hours. At that time, grit was replaced by a polisher. At the end of another 100 hours, these stones were semi-precious gems.

What men do with stones, God does with human beings. Consider the rubbing of man to man in the daily living, the grit of suffering, the Water of Baptism, and the forgiveness of Penance to absorb the explosion of sin!

The Father in Heaven polishes man to make a semi-God who reflects the lustre of God's love and life!

ROCK US TO PAKISTAN

By Catherine

Madonna House has formed a Rock Club . . . Some of us have become truly, passionately interested in rocks. It all began with Eddie, who, seeking God's face everywhere in his daily walks through the country-side, found it in the beauty of various colored rocks.

He got me interested, and some of the members of our apostolate. We found out all about gem making, etc. We must make money for Our Lady of Pakistan, since this will be our next foreign mission, and since it will cost us close to \$3,000, JUST TO SEND THREE MISSIONARIES THERE, and obviously we shall need a few more thousand dollars to establish them in that land, eight thousand miles away.

We built ourselves a very small house, calling it St. Stephen's after the first "rock collector" (the first martyr of the church, who was stoned). Someone gave us the statue of St. Roch for that house too. And we are all set up now with the needed machinery to polish beautiful minerals and rocks, and to make jewelry out of them!

Rocks may well pave the way to Pakistan.

We have some beautiful specimens of rose quartz, green and pink feldspar, and crystals and rocks for such rock hounds as would like to buy them in bulk. Let's hear from you if you are interested.

If You Love 'Em Serve 'Em

By Mary K. Rowland

In the Spring we are often asked to give talks on our Madonna House vocation and the work of Stella Maris House. In explaining that we are here to love those with whom we come in contact and serve their needs, we are inevitably asked, "What needs do you serve?" We ourselves are always amazed at the diversity of the needs, the requests which come to us.

The YCW are planning a study night on unions in a parish. The phone rings "Who can we get to come to talk to us about belonging to a union . . . the Church's attitude . . . the dignity of the worker?" A few suggestions are made as to whom they should contact. The wheels are set in motion as they begin calling. Sometimes we get a second or third call. Fr. X, Mr. X can't make it. Who else can we call? "I've heard about celebrating a child's baptismal day instead of his birthday. Do you have any information on that?"

Gimme A Hand

The CFM are planning a Cana night. "Which doctor could we get to give a talk? Which priest?" And so on down the line. "Our parish is beginning the dialog Mass. Do you have any suggestions?"

Many nights find some part of the Lay Apostolate Movement in Portland in our tiny office. "Kathy! Kathy! We need you! Something's wrong with the mimeograph." "Jim, where's the ink? Where are slip sheets, the staples?"

Sometimes it is an urgent visit in mid afternoon. "Could you run off a few hundred of these? We just can't find anyone who can do it right now, and we have to have them in the mail tonight." So we pitch in during such an emergency.

Sometimes we have special events. A couple of Sundays ago the house was buzzing with activity. Flowers being arranged, food prepared, the house decorated. Parents and their friends all were contributing. A young couple was being solemnly engaged. Everyone was coming to Stella Maris afterwards to celebrate. The man was the Area Representative for College YCS, the girl an active YCW member, so both YCS and YCW turned out to lend a hand.

Our Coffee-Breaks

At other times we feel as though the house is Grand Central Station. A few nights ago the YCW were in their room working on their monthly paper. A group was assembling in another room for slides to be shown by Our Lady of Guadalupe Apostolate. In a third room the Catholic Nurses Association was meeting. (They came here for their meeting just to get acquainted with us). Upstairs was a "Great Decisions" discussion group. (We provide the space and the coffee-maker (up to 50 cups) and whatever else is needed.)

Maybe it's the CFM planning their Northwest Area Convention, to be held here in Portland this June. Or the Catholic Interracial Council's monthly meeting. Or the YCS college people having a study afternoon. Or a special lecture or study night in the hall next door.

The phone rings. "Do you have anything in the library about educational programs in foreign countries? We're interested in studying the Peace Corps. Do you have anything on it?" Perhaps it's "Our inquiry tomorrow night is on the migrants. What can you tell me about the situation here in Oregon?" That being a subject we are vitally interested in, the only difficulty is not to talk half the afternoon. "I have to prepare a talk on leisure for our study week-end. Could you pick something out of the library for me? Something by the Pope, his ideas, etc.? I can run by this afternoon and pick it up. Thanks a million." "My children are interested in making Easter cards. Do you have any ideas? any samples?" "I'm looking for a symbol for a program cover. Do you have anything on Our Lady or the Holy Spirit or everyday sanctity?"

Or perhaps it is the ladies from a neighboring parish. "We are just setting up our library. Could we come and look over your books before we spend our money buying them? Where do you get your books? Would you recommend . . ."

On it goes. Whatever the need of the moment is — that we try to serve to the best of our ability, lovingly, joyfully. We never know who or what the doorbell or phone will bring. Yet each time it is Christ in the person of our neighbor—to be loved, to be served according to His needs. Perhaps all some people want is to talk for a few minutes, to be encouraged, to be reassured. Whatever it is, for us it is a wonderful opportunity to express our love. Because, very simply, "LOVE Serves".

Lay Missionaries

By Father James P. Leonard

CAMERA: LIGHTS: ACTION! When we hear these words we naturally think of the Motion Picture Industry and to think of that questionable boon to civilization is to think of Hollywood. Now to conclude the series of these little pieces that have been treating the subject of Lay Missionaries, I have a different kind of News Story from the Film Centre than usually makes the headlines: FROM HOLLYWOOD TO A MISSION CLASSROOM IN KENYA.

This is the story of Nora O'Mahony for years a player with the famed Abbey Theatre and then in films appeared in such stories as The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker, Darby O'Gill and The Little People etc., etc.

In 1956 Nora read an article in the Los Angeles Diocesan paper about the Lay Mission Helpers Association but did not think that she had anything to offer, then two years later she read another article and that was the beginning of "living in Franciscan poverty, but so happy and content as to be the envy of any star remaining in Hollywood." These are Nora's own words from the little wooden house she shares with two other Lay Missionaries from the U.S.A.

In addition to her ability as an actress Nora O'Mahony has a degree from University College, Dublin, Ireland, and now she is preparing African girls for the teaching profession, and she is teaching them to love God above all else, thousands of miles from that centre where so many talented people are teaching the world the evils of materialism and drawing countless souls to Hell and the Kingdom of Satan. Some of these people have been incorporated into the Mystical Body of Christ but alas! Maybe Nora's sacrifice will merit for them another chance!!

In the interview quoted above Miss O'Mahony continued: "Actually, I had felt for some years that it was time I did something in return for the very happy life I've known in the theatre and movies. I'm lucky to be given this chance . . . Africa is amazing in many ways. Nyeri is a beautiful place, and the view from the Mission toward Mount Kenya is unbelievably wonderful especially in the early morning . . . The Consoleta Fathers and Sisters are completely dedicated people . . . how could one be anything but happy here, associated with people whose only thought is to please God and to do His work. When I see the nuns at the orphanage taking care of the little children so beautifully, when I see the priests and Brothers tirelessly working here, then I realize more than ever that Missionary life is really wonderful. I'm proud of the fact that I belong to an Association whose motto is: "For We Are God's Helpers."

THE FAMILY APOSTOLATE

By Rev. John T. Callahan

Each summer the parents at the Cana Colony ask us for the names of some good books that would be of benefit to parents, and also some books on mental health especially to assist parents in fulfilling the emotional needs of their children for love, affection, security and approval.

We hereby append a list of books that we think will be helpful in these fields.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR PARENTS

Book	Author	Publisher
1. Beginning at Home	Mary Perkins	Liturgical Press
2. Cana Is Forever	Rev. Charles Doyle	Nugent Press
3. Father of the Family	Eugene Geissler	Fides Press
4. Sins of Parents	Rev. Charles Doyle	Nugent Press
5. Three to Get Married	Fulton Sheen	Appleton Century
6. You and Your Children	Eugene Geissler	Sunday Visitor Pr.
7. Art of a Happy Marriage	J. A. Magner	
8. Childbirth Without Fear	D. G. Read	
9. Christ in the Home	Raoul Plus	
10. Cooking for Christ	F. Burger	
11. How God Made You	R. P. Odenwald	
12. Marriage & Rhythm	J. L. Thomas	
13. Mind the Baby	Mary Perkins	
14. Saints and Our Children	M. R. Newland	
15. Sex Character Education	J. A. O'Brien	
16. We and Our Children	M. R. Newland	
17. Your Child's World	R. P. Odenwald	

MENTAL HEALTH BOOKS

1. How to Live 365 Days A Year	Dr. Schindler	Prentice-Hall
2. Their Mother's Son	Ed. A. Strecker, MD	Lippincott
3. Their Mother's Daughter	Ed. A. Strecker, MD	Lippincott
4. Third Revolution	K. Stern	Prentice-Hall
5. The Will to Live	Arnold Nutschnecker, MD	Harcourt & Brace
6. Counselling the Catholic	Frs. Hagmaier & Gleason	Sheed and Ward
7. How to Master Your Tensions and Enjoy Living Again	Stevenson & Milt	Prentice-Hall

Unfair to Children?

(The following is reprinted with permission from "Master Your Tensions and Enjoy Living Again").

"Our recommendation for fairness in dealing with children doesn't for a minute overlook the fact that children — especially little ones — can be quite untrustworthy, unreasonable, and demanding. When they behave that way, a firm and resolute hand is needed, rather than flexibility and a resort to reason.

"No matter how troublesome and annoying their children may be, some parents find it painful to be firm; instead, they resort to 'reasoning it out' in the hope that the child will see the light and obey. Those who have tried this method agree that it just won't work. A child of three or four just doesn't think the way you do. He doesn't fully understand the meaning of moral or social justice. Your arguments may sound very good to you but your little child won't know what you are talking about. A lecture on the why's or wherefore's will fall on non-understanding or non-cooperative ears.

It is enough with young children to say: "Don't play with the knife, or 'Don't hit the baby' or 'don't dig the screw driver into the coffee-table, or 'stop pestering me to buy you that toy. If the child knows that you're ready to back your firm stand consistently with disapproval, or even punishment, he'll give up his protest and conform.

Unfair to Parents

Little April, who was seven, had been permitted to prolong the going-to-bed process into a long, drawn-out, agonizing affair filled with excuses, whining, and pleading. It was too cold in her room—or too hot. She wasn't really sleepy yet. It "wasn't fair" to make children go to sleep so early, while the older people were allowed to stay up.

Instead of shooing her off to bed, her mother would sit with her and explain (to a seven year old!) how worn-out body tissues are replaced by new tissue during sleep, and why adults are given privileges which children do not have.

April, however, was a very clever little girl and for every explanation her mother gave, she had an answer. So, night after night, whenever she felt like it, she won a bedtime reprieve, depriving her mother of the relief and relaxation she needed after a hard day's work. Then came a period when the mother was sick and father was having trouble on the job and both were very short on patience.

One night during this period April started on her old bedtime routine. This time, instead of reasoning with the girl, mother snapped at her: "April, you go to bed right away!" April made another try and asked: "Why, Mama?" And Mama snapped right back: "Because I want you to." April's immediate response was "Why didn't you say so in the first place?" and she scurried right off to bed.

One Must Be Firm

In general, children can be expected to respond to a combination of fairness and firmness. But there may be cases where neither this kind of treatment, nor any other kind will curb difficult or destructive behavior. Should this situation persist for a long time, then it would be wise to seek professional help in order to make sure that the child is not suffering from some physical disorder or emotional disturbance which may be upsetting him.

Firmness is required, not just with little children but with older ones, too, because no matter how well and how long we guide them and train them, there are times when they are as willful and irresponsible as infants.

Ralph had an agreement that if he saved a hundred dollars out of his allowance and newspaper route earnings, his father would put up an additional three hundred and fifty dollars to finance a summer in camp. The boy held to his end of the bargain and by early spring, he had eighty of his hundred dollars. Then one day a department store truck delivered a brand-new bicycle to the house. Ralph had bought it with fifty of his savings. Father admired the new bike and said he hoped Ralph would enjoy riding around on it in the hot city during the summer, because, of course, the camp agreement was off.

Goodbye Bike

The boy had completely ignored the fact that his impulsive purchase would cost him his vacation. Confronted with the dismaying reality, he pleaded with his father to let him keep the bicycle and to make up the fifty dollars by a loan. Father stood firm, Ralph could have one or the other, but not both. The boy argued and complained, but father refused to yield. That night Ralph wrote a letter to the department store and asked them to pick up the bicycle.

The decision had been a painful one for Ralph's father to make, because he loved his son and didn't want to deprive him of anything. But he knew that one of the most important lessons children have to learn is that immediate pleasures often have to be given up to achieve long-term goals. And this was the time when his boy had to be taught that lesson. Had he yielded, it would have left the boy with the impression that he could eat his cake and have it too, a view that would do him no good when he got out into the world on his own.

The recommendation that parents be firm should not be taken as a suggestion that they be utterly inflexible and demand total obedience about everything — even about unimportant things. If Mary wants to wear her brown shoes instead of her black ones, even though the brown shoes 'don't go' this is no cause for a showdown. And if Johnny wants to keep his blocks under the bed instead of putting them in the toy-chest, it is certainly no life-and-death matter.

The aim of firmness in discipline is to help put some backbone in the child's own ability to control and regulate his behavior. It is not to exact total obedience, or to prove to the child 'who is boss.' A good formula to follow is this: allow the child plenty of leeway on the little, routine, ordinary matters where his behavior won't make much difference in the long run. But when it comes to matters affecting the safety, welfare, and morals of himself and others, then the rules should be very plainly stated, and the discipline should be clean-cut and firm."

A LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page One) though I were a duke—or even an archbishop. I have more books than I can read. (We have a library here.) There is nothing I lack.

Gertski was like Slug; always doing things for people — even people she didn't know. She was always working little "miracles" for priests and bishops. The last priest who visited her home on Wolfram Street, Chicago, was a Chinese. He had been ordered to go to some place in Brazil and open a mission for his Order. He was to go by plane; and he was frightened. He had never been in a plane, never wanted to enter a plane. He asked Gertski to help him. Her name was Gertrude Lakowski but she liked to be called Gertski.

"Now don't you worry at all, Father," Gertski said. "I'll be with you in that plane. I'll ride with you all the way. And God will bless your work."

Return Trip

"Thank you", the priest said. He gave her his blessing and hurried to the airport. In Brazil he established not one mission but two. He came back, in due time, to tell Gertski all about it. But Gertski was dead.

Gertski had spent most of her life as an incurable invalid. Her heart was so big it crowded all the other organs. She was in constant pain. But nobody in the world, not even Slug himself, was happier than she. She was only 26 when she died, but she had suffered twenty years or more.

She died about the time the Chinese priest was getting into his plane.

Slug and Gertski make a dozen, and I have to have them both, Lord — with Your permission. They spent so much time in bed, unable to leave their rooms, I thought they'd like to get out, now, and travel with me to Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem and Capernaum and all the places Your Son's feet have blessed. They can help me even more than the angels and the saints. Their job is to see that I write a book everybody can understand; a book that will make every reader love Your Son. It's a tough job. But I can hear Slug saying again, "It's in the bag!"

In the old days that meant that Slug would ask for a little more pain. Now, of course, he's forgotten what pain is; but I am sure he has more power with You than he had when suffering his worst agonies.

The Holy Family

A dozen or so — not counting all the Salesians. But I'd like a selection of Dominicans and Franciscans and Carmelites and Servites in the party, and St. Augustine, and St. Mary Magdalen, and a lot of other favourites — and, naturally, all my own heavenly gang.

Even then the party will not be complete. Lord, who would think of going to the Holy Land without taking You with him — and also Joseph and Mary and Jesus? We must have the Holy Family with us all the time—not to explain anything, but just to be there.

What about Peter and Paul and other apostles? We may not need them, though it would be nice to have John in our gang. He knew Jerusalem better than any of the others; and he also knew Galilee. But of course the apostles are busy. I'd like to ask some assistance, though, from Matthew, Mark and Luke, as well as John. But maybe I won't need them.

I will need Our Lady, though. I shall need her constantly. Even Luke needed her. He could not have written his Gospel without her. Me? I can't write even a line without her.

And of course, without You, God—it would be the sputnik of folly to try to write even a word!

Help me to write a good book about Your Son, His mother, His foster father, His disciples, and all those who enter into His story. Help me to make Him more widely, and more fervently loved.

Your Eddie,

THAT'S LIFE IN THE YUKON

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — At two o'clock this morning I was awakened by a phone call. It took me a long time to fall asleep again, so as I lay in my warm bed waiting for the sand man to come again I was trying to figure out what I would write for this article in Restoration. The article had to be done today so I might as well make use of the early morning hours to plan it. I had a few inspirations which I shelved and I said to myself, "Why don't I write about some incidents that have taken place here recently . . . little things that make up our life in the Apostolate?"

We have a phone in each of our three houses, and inter-house communications at all times. We have an understanding that I answer the phone at night, but that Doreen listens in on the conversation at St. Catherine's where she sleeps. If there is a message that we are going to get a woman, or children, for the hostel, then Doreen is aware of it and will expect them. This saves me the trouble of getting dressed and going across the road to tell her or to let the people in. If we are getting some men for the hostel, they will have instructions to come to St. Joseph's dorm. It works quite well.

Cut Wood? Excuse Us!

So, Doreen was listening in on our early morning call and expected an Indian woman and her daughter to arrive. The woman had come to town to visit her friends and couldn't find them. So she wanted to spend the rest of the night at Maryhouse. At breakfast this morning I asked Doreen if they had come. She said she had waited up an hour for them but they failed to appear. She also remarked that she had had a difficult time getting back to sleep.

Yesterday two fine, strong men came looking for a place to sleep and eat for a few days 'til they could get a ride out of the Yukon. I told them dinner would be ready in an hour, and it would help us very much, since we have no male staff, if they would split some stove wood for us. They immediately had an excuse to go down town and we have not seen them since.

Last week Doreen was tired. I had her sleep at St. Joseph's house. We had no one in the dorms, and it was a good place to be undisturbed. On Saturday night the Indian Agent brought us an eleven-year-old boy who was on his way home from a hospital in Vancouver. Melvin would be with us for three days 'til a bus went his way. Doreen ushered him into the boys' dorm, saw that he was all right for the night, then retired. She was awakened at five o'clock by Melvin who was shooting off a new roll of caps in his cap gun. That ended Doreen's sleep-in. On Sunday night Melvin had to turn in his fire-arms before he retired.

They Come! They Go!

We have an old friend, Pete, a diabetic and an alcoholic. A few weeks ago he was discharged from the hospital, and a Social Worker asked if we would keep him until she found a cabin for him and provided him with rations. Pete came for supper, then disappeared for four days. He returned inebriated. He stayed with us for a few days, then went on another binge. Since then he has come home intoxicated about every second night. Tonight was his night to come drunk and he did. We tried to give him some supper but he fell asleep at the table. While I was taking him to the dorm he said, "Sister Mamie, I'm going to smarten up, and I am going to worry about YOU for a while." He had lost his glasses, and since he couldn't see very well, he wasn't sure he had taken the right amount of insulin. He wasn't too worried about it.

I was on my way to bed one night when a cab stopped in front of the house and the driver unloaded two intoxicated Indians on our door-step. My first impulse was to call the Mounties, but on second thought I decided to keep our unexpected guests so long as they caused no disturbance. They immediately got into a hot argument about a cigarette. When I threatened them with the police, they cooled off and went peacefully to the dorm. There I removed their boots, relieved them of their cigarettes for I did not want them smoking in bed—and left. At six o'clock I heard them up and about. In a few minutes they were gone.

Unexpected Invitation

I had another experience earlier in the summer which still makes me laugh whenever I think of it.

In summer the sun rises very early, so that at three o'clock you could well believe it was mid-day. At four o'clock I heard a knock on the door. I heard it several times before I could drag myself out of bed. I eventually arrived at the door to find a strange man. He asked if a certain woman was staying here and I told him no. He asked again and I assured him there was no such person with us. He stood in silence for a while and then said, "Well would you come out and have a cup of coffee with me?"

Life at Maryhouse is one of joys and sorrows. A good sense of humour pulls you through quite often when things don't make any sense. We are about to experience a great joy in the Yukon for in a few days our Director General, B, is arriving on her annual visitation. Visitations are always a joy but this one is especially so for while she is visiting the two foundations in the Yukon, she is going to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of our Apostolate. We consider ourselves very fortunate to be able to celebrate, and to plan the celebration of this big anniversary with her and for her.

May God give her many more years to be with us. And may she come as often as she can for Anniversary Day.

A VOICE CRYING FROM AFRICA

"Recent events in South Africa, particularly the withdrawal of all financial help for our mission schools by our 'apartheid' Government, has made the task of the Church here a very heavy one indeed."

"In this Archdiocese, confided to my care by Our Holy Father, we have over 11,000 Zulu children attending our Catholic mission schools. Many times your heart would be sorrowful, as is mine, when I see my Oblate missionaries struggling to care for the bodies and souls of our Zulu children . . . many of whom come to our schools each day with their tiny stomachs empty."

"We have indeed been fortunate that our teachers, truly devoted Catholics from our Zulu laity, have stayed with us, although now receiving less than half their former salaries. The position is a heartrending one, and my friend Cardinal Cushing of America, on learning of our desperate need, wrote saying, 'I urge every recipient of this appeal to respond without delay'."

"For the sake of Our Blessed Lord, I wonder if you can find it in your heart to send us a sacrifice of five . . . or even ten dollars. You can send a gift by American cash, check or postal money order. It will come safely to me in Africa. Postage is 8 cents surface mail, or 25 cents airmail."

"Your gift will be deeply appreciated and personally acknowledged by me. The children pray daily for their benefactors, and you and your loved ones, living and deceased, will be remembered in my Holy Mass each day."

"Devotedly yours in Christ and Mary Immaculate,

✠ Denis E. Hurley,
Archbishop of Durban.

Write Archbishop Hurley at Catholic Cathedral, Cathedral Road, Durban, South Africa.

No . . . No we are not competing with the Trappists . . . But . . . if you are interested in home made jams . . . jellies . . . we will gladly take your order. Don't make it a big one . . . we are just beginning. All home grown products, fresh from the field, come directly into our Madonna House Kitchen . . . Thence to you!

JAMS

6 oz	50c
8 oz	75c
12 oz	1.00
16 oz	1.25

JELLIES

8 oz	1.00
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One Man's Scrap is Another Man's Gold

By Catherine Doherty

The other day we got a big shipment of donations. We needed some of our men to help us to sort it, for many of the gifts belonged to them. Woman-like, we did not know exactly what was what.

I wish, dearly beloved friends, that you had been sorting with us that day—and heard the joyous exclamation of the men as they unpacked carton after carton, calling to us and each other to come and look at some tool, some roll of copper wire, some implement they have been praying for "for months"! It truly was a sight to behold.

They asked us to please thank you all in their name for the wonderful things you have been sending to the men's work shop. They also begged me to whisper to you, on the Q.T., that they need pliers of all sizes and shapes . . . that also they could do with all kinds of PAINT BRUSHES, for there is so much painting at Madonna House to do in the summer. They don't mind old paint brushes at all; and, I repeat, any size, width, thickness, etc., would be welcome.

While they were talking about paint brushes, they said that remnants in paint cans . . . half a can or so would also be welcome. For there seems to be no end to the chairs, tables, etc., that have to be painted at MH!

If any of you have rubbers, nice high big rubbers, wading boots from old fishing days or just rubber galoshes—the ones that have two or three metal snaps are best—our men promise you their prayers. They have to do a lot of wading, in strange places, to repair flooded cellars, also to work on the bathhouses. They need rubber boots very much, summer and winter.

Mary Davis, our chief gardener and beekeeper, would welcome tools for apiculture . . . the kind beekeepers use. They are few but very much needed, especially veils and smokers. And if anyone has any small honey extractors, we could use those.

If you have any old-fashioned, antique, hand-made tools, old knives, forks, cheese forms, spinning wheels, cradles, rockers, we would welcome those, as we are collecting these days such tools and implements for a rural museum. These things are becoming so rare that the coming generation should be seeing how their forefathers lived. It would make them proud of their ancestors.

So we plan to move an old barn one of these days and turn it into such a little museum for all who love old things. We should preserve them anyhow. So anything you want to dispose of in that line, we will be grateful.

The men of old used to make their own farm tools . . . wooden hayforks. Old-fashioned wooden rakes . . . cast-iron cooking utensils of all sorts . . . all kinds of crocks . . . old-fashioned tea pots and cups. And we repeat, carpentry tools, nails . . . anything and everything along that line, will be most welcome.

And also, old coins. God bless you all and thanks again!

C.F.M. Convention

The Christian Family Movement's 12th National Convention will be held at South Bend, Indiana, August 25-27. To fulfill the movement's expanding needs, the facilities of both the University of Notre Dame and St. Mary's College will be used.

Main speakers include: His Excellency, Bishop William E. Powers of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, who will speak on "The Role of the Layman in the Church"; Dr. Karl Stern, noted psychiatrist, whose topic is "Marriage and the Family: The Psychological Aspect"; and Rev. Louis Twomey, S. J. of Loyola University, New Orleans, to speak on "World Tensions and Catholic Responsibility".

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